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JAMES S. NEILL,

Fredericton, N. B



	Literature.	gan my spouse a few days later, "about some bloodhounds in town that belong to	father are cousins, and I was afraid he would guess who I was."	John G. Adams,
	HONORABLE ANNE.	the sheriff. They are A 1 at tracking criminals; borrow them all over the state. Beastly shame it's such a journey. It		UNDERTAKER
	Ah Ging's welcome when I came a bride to the ranch was one of the warm-	would be rather jolly to see them." "Why not go? A change would do	that came with the posse and frightened me. He was such a bad, cruel man that Leculdr't stand it. So I are "	
	est. The dusky adobe wall throwing him into picturesque relief, he ttood on the ranch house veranda, his face full of sup- pressed excitement.	1 11 mraalf "	I couldn't stand it. So I ran away." "How did you happen to reach Van- quero Water?" "With some friends in one of these big prairie wagons they call prairie	Caskets, in Brocade, Velvet, Broad- cloth (Black or White), Rosewood, Wal- nut, Oak, French Burl and Stained Wood, Highly finished in different Styles and Qualities, All Sizes, Prices Reasonable.
	Life flowed on smoothly, monotonous- ly, till after the birth of Billikins. Ah	meditating my next move the while.	schooners. Tulare folks go to the coast	Polished Woods and Cloth Covered
	Ging then announced his departure. "Better girl cook," he declared. "No likee baby. Heap trouble. Allee time	ed bearing that ranch standby a smoking		Coffins, Robes, hrouds, and
	cly."	bowl of "mush" started growing visibly		A FIRSTCLASS HEARSE
	We tried a number. All failures. At	pale-fresh food for uneasiness. Clearly to learn the art of milking was impera-		AND AN ADDRESS AND A DRESS A
	last a young girl, tall, slim and neatly dressed, stepped on the veranda. "If you please, ma'am," she quietly said, "I heard that you wanted a girl.	tive. The woman won as usual, and Cedric before the week was over started for La Huerta with strict injunctions to	you, and thought I'd try for the place." "But how much better to have told me the truth!"	in connection, with White or Black Mountings for Young or Old. Orders from the Country care- fully attended to at Mod- erate Prices.
	Can I have the place?"	interview both hospital superintendent and sheriff.	"I knew Mr. Allandale was English, ma'am, and they are that particular I was	Opp. Queen Hotel, Fredericton
	I heard her history, which was simple.	In charge of the ranch were myself,	afraid he'd send me home."	
	The previous year she had come from England to join her brother on her claim,	Billikins and the Hon. Anne. Unevent-		Telephone No. 26.
	had fallen ill, had gone to the county hos-	fully passed the first few days, but on Mouday from the verandah I espied a	was unnecessary." Anne's eyes flashed. "It's every word	
	pital at La Huerta and had come thence	band of men, who, leaving the country	true ma'am. Not that I ever saw her,	
	to me. While hearing these details Ced- ric returned. But one conclusion could	road, came slowly up the drive.	she was by my father's first marriage, but	We Carry a Large Assortment of
A.	be drawn from his utter dejection. "No	Anne, perceiving them, grew white to	it's true. Why they lived in a beautiful	PICTURE MOULDINGS
	girl," was stamped on every feature.	the lips, and bearing Billikins percipitate- ly fled.	house in St. John's Wood, and the night before they went to Paris the Prince of	
	Samantha had recommended me to Odes- sa Green, who, less exacting in regard to	"Good evening," the leader began as		
	scenery, was willing to leave the family	he lifted his sombrero. "We're a kinder		HALL'S
	pigpen for a month's change, providing	rough sight for a lady. You see, we're a posse over from Tulare trying to find a	Cedric on hearing the last version. "She believes in the family traditions,	DOOL OMODI
	the washing was put out, Mrs. Allandale	man named Smith. His tracks they	but will care less about such nonsence	BOOK STORE,
	helped with the dishes, the afternoons were free, and a horse every Sunday was	seemed to p'int this way. Ain't seen any	when she is Mrs. Hiram Waite."	DUON DIOILE,
	at her disposal.	stranger round here lately?"	"Why she met the man only last night!"	EDEDEDICTON
	I know the type-ignorant, slatternly,	"No, indeed." "No wood chopper nor nothing?"	"Something will come of 1 ^t . Trust a	FREDERICTON.
9	familiar. Contrasting with it the new-	"No, none. What does this man look	woman's intuition."	
	comer my resolution was taken. "No, Cedric, I have a servant already."	like? What has he done?"	"Thanks, no!" he retorted, with a	New Advertising Dodge,

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Cedric, I have a servant already." "Where did she come from?" "La Huerta, where she has been the hospital."

"Is she pretty?"

"That's an irrevalent question. Yet, rather-blue eyes and short, curly, yellow hair."

"You know nothing about her."

"But I know that Billikins has the whooping cough. I must nurse him, and you cannot cook. Help is needed, an behold Anne."

"So that's her name?", "Yes, Anne Jones."

He still demured.

"Prudence is an admirable virtue, Cedric, but you carry it to an extreme. Cedric yielded, still holding to his own opinion. "Keep her! Keep her!" he cried. "Bnt remember if anything happens, be it on your head."

Since the days of Ah Ging life had been worth living. Anne came and comfort followed after. Capable, retiring, a vague sence of mystery prevading her. she proved in our monotonous existance a source of inexhaustible interest.

"I scent a romance," Cedric declared. "When Anne draws near find out about her."

"She is too reticent-a contrast to Samantha."

"Teach her something. Learning unlocks a woman's tongue."

So Anne was instructed in more house wifely mysteries, and grew more communicative, but Cedric received all de tails of her past with scornful incredulity. Papa was a barrister. Apne herself had been born in the sacred precints of the temple. Their crest figured as a dove. "Fancy one's parlor maid having a crest!" he ejaculated. For a briefless barrister, he had done singularly well, marrying a neice of the celebrated Countess of Melligan. Many a torrid afternoon was wiled away with descriptions of the Irish Castle where the wedding took place, the beauty of the bride, the eccentricities of the noble aunt. Cedric

scoffed, still crying for more. Cne languorous September day, ensconced in the verandah's shadiest nook. we gazed on the Brush hills and sighed vainly for a breeze. Cedric broke the stillness. "What about Anne. No news

"Real nice and young and kind. Not more'n a boy. Murdered a man over there. Here's his description," and he handed me a coarsely printed "Reward." "Well, boys, get a move on. We're on our way to La Huerta," he added. "to borrow Waite's dogs. Well, good day, ma'am. Better not harbor any strangers." A moment more and left alone, I thought over the situation. Cedric gone, no neighbor near, anl a murderer at large whose steps pointed this way. Sud-

denly it was borne in upon me that Anne was the fugitive.

A firm believer in womans intutions yet hoping desperately that mine were at fault. I unfolded the paper the sheriff gave me. It tallied well. Moroseness, agitation, all were explained.

Did Anne guess that her identity was known, my life, I feared, would pay the breathe through your nose, says The Pall penalty. To ignore the situation, live through the night if possible and trust to some one turning up in the morning was all that could be done.

Milking time brought fresh terrors. How guard one's self with both hands engaged letting down floods of warm, innocent milk! Dinner was eaten hurriedly with the same feeling of uneasiness. Billikins tucked in his crib, Anne retired early, and every sense on the alert, I was left alone to watch the nursery door.

It fascinated me. Who could open it? Anne, to hide among the canyons till the posse had returned to its Tulare home? Or Henry Smith to make an end of me and flee? Truly the ranch monotony was broken at last. Solemnly the clock ticked, slowly the hands went round. An hour passed. A movement in the adjoining room, and literally my blood ran cold. That had hitherto seemed a mere figure of speech. The sound ceased, and still I watched the nursery door. At last, when my brain would have turned with more, I heard a sound which, faint at first, grew louder and louder.

"Oh, Heaven!" I cried. "The bloodhounds!" Then I fell senseless to the ground."

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"Thanks, no!" he retorted, with a New Advertising Dodge, cheerful grin. "No telling into what mare's nest I might be led. Never mind, darling, you did your best. We can't all be born detectives."

Cedric to the contrary, my prohesy came to pass, and our Hon. Anne was transformed into Mrs. Hiram Waite. At last accounts she was well and happy, supplying the boarders at Waite's hotel with meals at "four bits a head," while we on the ranch are still wondering whether the Countess Melligan and Lady Emily Brown are myths.

The Rhinometer.

The latest scientific invention is the rhinometer. The object of this instrument is not, as the vulgar might suppose, to measure money; its purpose is to gauge the extent through which you Mall Gazette. This matter, it appears, is of far more importance than might be imagined. All the lower animal breathe through the nose and through the nose alone. Human beings, with their customary perversity, are given to breathing through the throat, not merely when a cold in the head compels them to have re course to to this illegitimate mode of respiration, but from their cantankerous disposition to do things the wrong way whenever opportunity offers. Of course, they are punished for this utter disregard of the best animal traditions. The scientific truth is that the oxygen of the air knows better than to allow itself to be smuggled into the lungs by the back door, as it were. It will only enter our system in the quantity desirable through the nose-the straight and narrow way. The serious predicament of the throatbreathers is at once apparent, as to the outcome of their detestable habit they are kept out of oxygen. The consequence is they become anaemic and suffer from a hundred other ills to which a sensible animal refuses to be heir.

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"She has a sister who lives in France and is possessed of independant means." A look of reproach shot from his dark blue eyes. "You told me that last week, he murmured.

"And did not tell you that she goes by the name of Lady Emily Brown." "Brown? Why she married a French. man."

"True."

"Why lady? What title has he?" "None. I particularly asked Anne. "Absurd! He could not be Brown nor she lady, unless, indeed, the title is in her own right. In that case your pearl of a handmaiden is an honorable. The Hon. Anne brings out the tray," he added as she approached our corner. "No. it's all false, you may depend upon it. Ask McPherson what he thinks. He is coming up the drive."

Fergus McPherson-caution personified-opinion that Anne has lied. He put it plainly; "Deceit in speech. deceitful in deed. Better watch her, Mrs. Annandale."

My suspicions were now excited. In California nothing is impossible. Had not a scien of a lordly house died on a neighboring ranch-a lonely, neglected sheep herder? No. It was the uneasy air and restloss look increasing day by day. I heartily wished for some pretext whereby Cedric, dispatched into La Huerta, might inquire into the antecedents of the Hon. Anne. Chance favored me.

spoke of Mr. Waite, for he and my step-"McPherson had been telling me," be-

Slowly returned to consciousness, my gase fell on Cedric, the La Huerta sheriff and Anne-Anne anxiously applying restoratives.

"Take him away!" I gasped. "He will murder us."

"You are raving!" cried Cedric. "That Anne." "No-Smith, the murderer! The

bloodhounds tracked him to the very door." Here Hiram Waite thought fit to interpose.

"Guess I can straighten out this kink, Mrs. Allandale. You did hear the hounds. They're up at the bard now. Your husband, he heard at La Huerta he was beatin' up this part of the country. So he lit out for home, thinkin' you'd be scared. We caught our man hidin' by the Dobe hill, and the Tulare boys took him back to town. So we made tracks for here. Sorry about the dogs. Might have knowu they'd scare you."

The Honorable Anne next day gave warning. "If you please, ma'am, you and Mr. Allandale have been very kind, and I love Mr. Bliikins like my own, but I can't stay where I've been so misjudged."

"More candor on your part would have prevented your being misjudged."

She blushed. "I often wanted to tell you, ma'am, what I first said was not true. I came from England when I was a baby. I haven't any brother and I never went to La Huerta."

"Ah!" "The kinder you was, ma'am, the meaner I felt, and I was afnaid Mr. Allandale would go to the hospital, and, worst of all, my heart stood still when he

been relieved of the pith-dried and pulverized In appearance it is a fine brown substance. The pith is used as packing in warships. As there is a great demand for the pith there is a large quantity of the stalk left. This is cut and ground. making a fine product containing more nutriment, according to some authorities. than tlmothy hay and being more digestible than corn blades. It occupies less space than baled hay and is fed along with grain to make a balanced ration.

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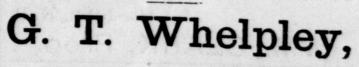
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"When you have a sore tooth you go to the dentists and he pulls it, don't he?" "Yes, my son." "Now that you've got a sore leg if you go to the doctor will he pull it?" (With deep feeling) "Yes my son."

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